

*Andante.*

1. Love not the world: its smiles, its hopes May lure thee on; But cup of joy, and  
 2. Love not the world: it, with its lusts, Must pass a - way; Its pleas-ures sweet, its  
 3. But he who does the will of God, For aye will live, And drink the streams of  
 4. Dear fel - low - pil-grim in the path, Look up! Look on! There waits a - bove, a



dream of bliss, Will soon be gone. Those dreams will fade, as mist in morn; Those  
 hopes so bright, Must all de - cay. Its glo - ries, too, must have an end, Must  
 heaven's de-lights, Which Christ will give. He'll weep no more on that blest shore; No  
 home of love, Where Christ is gone. And pleas-ures bright in courts of light Will



hopes will die; And in that cup of seeming joy, Deep sor - rows lie.  
 pale and die, And all its emp-ty bub-bles burst; They're Sa - tan's lie.  
 mar - vel this, For joys well up, and fill his cup— There's naught but bliss.  
 sat - is - fy A heart at rest, su-premely blest, With Je - sus nigh.

